

You're Still You, No Matter How Much Makeup You Put On (SUTBM Oneshot)

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Language:	English
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You're Still You, No Matter How Much Makeup You Put On (SUTBM Oneshot)

by [The1andonly_soup](#)

Summary

Tommy experiments with makeup, and he questions if he's truly a male or he's just faking it.

Thank God for intersex/demiboy older siblings.

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IF YOU ARE HOMOPHOBIC AND/OR TRANSPHOBIC, YOU ARE NOT, AND NEVER WILL BE, WELCOME HERE. GET THE FUCK OUT.

Anyway, this takes place between chapters 4 and 5 in my fic "(S)he Used To Be Mine" :)
here's the link:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/37375843/chapters/93269095>

Notes

This was going to be in my oneshots book, but I felt like more people need to read this. Not because I want more attention, not because I'm trying to become a saint in your eyes...but because I want every single person to read this to know that they are valid, and not many people would look at the oneshots book.

Please, read ahead.

(P.S. this is a good song: <https://youtu.be/tlsrO-3gcQ>)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tommy's hands shook as he gazed into the mirror.

Was he just faking it?

But...it felt so *right*...he's been like this since *five*...

A knock sounded at the door, and Tommy jumped, shoving the bottles into drawers and attempting to shove them shut. He tried again and again to get it shut, but it was stuck.

"Shit!" Tommy yelled, and the door opened.

"Tommy?" Wilbur inquired. "Tommy, is everything okay?"

Tommy turned around, plastering a big smile on his face as he tried to hide what was in the drawer. "Yeah, Big Man! I'm fucking *great*."

"Are you sure?" Wilbur inquired. "You can—what's in the drawer?"

Tommy bit the inside of his cheek. "Nothing."

Wilbur went inside the bathroom and looked over Tommy's shoulder. "...Is that nail polish and eyeliner and mascara?"

Tommy's cheeks turned red. "...Maybe. So what?"

Wilbur laughed goodnaturedly. "That's awesome! I didn't know you liked makeup, too."

"Too?" Tommy couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Yeah. I like wearing makeup occasionally, too. Phil bought me some for my birthday last year." Wilbur turned away and waved Tommy forward. "C'mon, bring that and follow me."

Tommy picked up the makeup and shyly followed Wilbur to Wilbur's room, where, when Wilbur went over to the desk and pulled open the drawer on his desk, Tommy spotted a lot of makeup.

"...Woah," Tommy breathed.

"Yeah," Wilbur smiled. "Niki taught me how to use all this. It's pretty simple once you learn how. Want me to help you put it on?"

Tommy nodded, sitting on the chair and rolling up to the bed. Wilbur sat and took the nail polish and took Tommy's hand. He opened the red polish and began to paint Tommy's fingernails.

Tommy watched in awe as Wilbur continued to talk, happily applying the red to Tommy's fingers like an expert. Finally, Wilbur blew on Tommy's freshly-painted nails.

"Alright, we need to let them dry," Wilbur smiled. "Here, let me see your other hand."

Tommy held it out automatically, and Wilbur began to paint.

"Don't you find this...girly?" Tommy asked.

Wilbur looked up, mouth dropped open and frozen. "What?"

"I-I mean, typically, females do this kind of thing," Tommy explained, cheeks warming. "Isn't this...am I just faking being a guy? Am I really a girl who is just seeing attention?"

"Tommy, let me ask you something. Do you like using she/her?"

Tommy flinched. "No. I fuckin' hate it."

"Do you like they/them?"

Tommy thought for a minute. "I mean, I don't *hate* it, but I don't *like* it too much, y'know? No strong connection."

"Do you like he/him?"

Tommy nodded. "Yeah. Have since I was five."

"Then, you probably identify as a male. Right?"

Tommy nodded.

"Just because you like things that are stereotypically 'girly,'" Wilbur explained, continuing the painting, "doesn't mean you're a girl. It's just as valid for a trans or cis guy to like makeup as is for any cis or trans girl. Hell, if you like dresses, makeup, and feminine things in general, but you *still* feel like you're a he/him, then you *are* still a guy; just a more feminine one."

Wilbur looked into Tommy's eyes. "Tommy, you are so fucking valid. It doesn't matter what society thinks of you and your gender—it only matters what *you* think. If you feel like you're genderfluid or an agender person or a demiboy or a cis female or nonlabeled, *you are still valid*, no matter *what* your interests are. Actually— Techno! Phil!" Wilbur called.

A few minutes later, the two came in, looking confused.

Tommy began to internally panic. His masculine unofficial father is—

"What's up? Want some help with makeup?" Phil asked.

"Actually, not yet. Tommy's struggling to accept that he's still a guy even though he likes feminine stuff."

"Oh, really?" Techno snorted. "Even though I literally have pink hair and used to play with dolls?"

"*What?*" Tommy gasped.

Techno shrugged, sitting on the floor. "Yeah. Wilbur and I used to play with Barbies and have tea parties and stuff. Was pretty fun, not gonna lie."

Tommy's mouth was agape. "You liked *dolls*?"

Techno nodded nonchalantly. "Yeah. Why wouldn't I? They're cool. I still have a collection in the attic."

"And I wore a dress for Halloween once," Phil chuckled. "I had a girl friend who wanted to go as fighter princesses, so I said 'fuck gender roles' and wore one. To be fair, I looked good in it."

Tommy laughed weakly, tearing up. "S-So, you guys still see me as a guy, even though I l-like makeup a-and antique shopping and stuff like that?"

"Of course we do," Phil assured him. "Why wouldn't we? If you like using he/him, we'll use those pronouns for you. You're not any less of a guy just because you're biologically female and like feminine stuff."

Techno typed something on his phone, and [a song came on](#).

The group was quiet until the song was done, and Tommy struggled on not crying the whole way through.

I'm still valid.

I'm still a boy.

I'm still Tommy Innit.

Finally, Wilbur finished painting Tommy's nails, and the song finished. A bright grin grew on Wilbur's lips. "Hey, how about we all wear makeup and go to Niki's? She's hosting a dance this evening for the adults."

"Are we sure we can bring Tommy?" Techno asked. "Last time I checked, he's still a child."

"Excuse me?" Tommy exclaimed. "I'm *seventeen*, thank you very much!"

"Like I said: a child."

Phil and Wilbur laughed, and Tommy narrowed his eyes at Techno, who had a blank expression on his face.

"Are you all okay with that?" Wilbur asked, their eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Sure," Phil nodded. "I'm okay with that."

"I'm cool with it, but I'll do my own," Techno shrugged.

Tommy looked up at Wilbur, who began to jump up and down.

"Let's fucking gooo!" they exclaimed, pumping a fist into the air. "Alright, who's ready to look *fabulous*!?"



Tommy was the first to raise his hand with a smile.

End Notes

This account is a safe place for any race, gender, and sexuality<3

Side note, I found out how to get the trans emoji :D so here ya go!



And then here's this:  

YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Anyway, hope you enjoyed! Feel valid, y'all, cuz y'all are<3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!